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ceding cantos, and none, save Ali and some other desperadoes as ruthless as himself, are allowed to be our companions through the remainder of the poem. We cannot venture upon following him through the boisterous and bloody transactions of his subsequent life. He at last falls a victim to his ambition; but his dying moments are soothed by the devotedness of his followers, the mercy of his enemies, and above all, the care and attention of his faithful Aza, who had followed him in disguise, and who after burying him at Acre, retires to the haunts of her childhood, and spends the remnant of her days in solitude and grief.

From the sketch we have given, it will be seen that in the plan of the poem there is little of unity or invention. It is far too full of disjointed and far-distant incidents; and, for the benefit of those who may at any future time purpose writing an epic, or who shall otherwise venture to mount on the wings of fame, we may observe, that this is the great defect in the poem before us—it gives it more of the prosaic air of narrative, than of the kindling soul of poetry. There has been no selection of one grand centre-point of interest in the history of Ali, as the great subject of the poem, around which minor circumstances might have been skilfully arranged as episodes. The writer is fettered by the number of facts that are to be done into verse, and fairly bewildered in the attempt to bestow on each a sufficient quantity of lines, without exceeding the limits that expediency prescribed. The reader is confused by being hurried, with the rapidity of rail-road travelling, from one event to another. But we were still more disappointed to find that there was no moral in the tale. It is a mere story told for the sake of being told; and not designed to give point or energy to any one moral truth. We were surprised, especially considering the religious denomination to which, we understand, our fair friend belongs, that in the history of a female slave, narrated by a female pen, there was no spirit-stirring philippic against slavery; and that in a continuous narrative of battles and bloodshed, there should occur but a faint and feeble expression of an aversion to war. Verily, Eleauor, we were going to forget our professions of gallantry, in the kindling of our spirit against thee, for these, considering thy sex and the Society to which thou dost belong, unpardonable omissions.

We have done with fault-finding. Where the progress of the narrative gives breathing-time for the utterance of sentiment, there occur passages of redeeming worth and beauty. Our more grateful, as well as easier task remains;—to cull a few of these, along with one or two of the shorter pieces at the end of the volume, in several of which there is so much real poetry, that we could have wished “the Mamluk” curtailed of a canto or two, in order to leave space for the insertion of still more of such miscellanies; and if we cannot crown our fair friend as the *queen* of song, we yet feel persuaded, that in the estimation of our readers, these flowers of her own poesy, will form for her no mean or ungraceful garland; the beauty or the fragrance of which we shall not spoil by interweaving with it, like the deadly night-shade, any of the carplings or exceptions of critical remark.

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WOMAN.

O woman! gen'rous, fond, sincere,  
How oft thy very virtues prove  
Bane of thy peace—affliction's tear!  
How oft betray'd to sordid love!

Ah ! who thy timid feet shall guard  
From peril on life's dang'rous way ?  
What guide thy steps to vice retard  
And safely lead to virtue's sway ?  
Look not around !—thy soft blue eye  
Will but invite profession's guile,  
By trusting faith believ'd ;—but fly—  
Fell ruin lurks beneath its smile.  
Oh ! didst thou know how vain the trust  
On shaken reed of earth is found !  
How fairest flow'rs by friendship nurs'd  
Are strewn neglected on the ground !  
By falsehood sever'd from the stem,  
By pride and sordid int'rest torn,  
In vain would hope re-gather them,  
Swift down life's fleeting current borne.  
The only refuge from despair—  
The friend—when earthly friends decay—  
Lives in thy breast, and gently there  
Points to unfading realms of day.

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**TRUE LOVE.**

They lov'd,—but not the mild pure light  
Around *their* spirits sheds its beam,  
That glows, when hearts together plight  
The mutual vow of fond esteem.  
That nameless sympathy of soul,  
Caught not from transient beauty's smile,  
Which lives beyond its weak control  
Through time, and lives unchang'd the while.  
Tho' fortune frown, and fate severe  
Hurl stern adversity's fell dart,  
That love can stay the falling tear  
And soothe to peace, the aching heart.  
But 'tis not, earth, a flow'r of thine,  
Too pure to blossom on thy breast,  
From heav'n, a visitant divine,  
To hearts by virtue's seal impress'd.  
The spurious plant, thy offspring vile,  
Though often green and fair to view,  
Poisons ere long its parent soil,  
Then o'er the ruin withers too.

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**THE MOUNTAIN CLOUD.**

How beautiful upon the mountain's height,  
Yon fleecy cloud of soft and silvery light ;  
Resting on earth its shadowy outline seems ;  
Its summit sparkling in the sun's bright beams :  
Onward it still pursues its radiant course  
With unobtrusive yet resistless force,  
Till gently mixing with the solar ray,  
Its beauteous form exhales in light away.  
Emblem of one, whose heav'n directed eye  
Dwells not on earth, but seeks its native sky,  
Whose smile reflects the beams of heav'nly love,  
Pure, emanating from their source above,  
A pilgrim here below, yet soon to be  
Wafted thro' time into eternity !

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**THE FORGET-ME-NOT.**

There is a flower, a little flower,  
Which blooms companion of my bower,  
Unasked, unsought, without a care,  
Smiling around, that flower is there.